

JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blessed,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed!
 I know not, O, I know not,
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Foe ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 The Cross is all their splendour,
 The Saviour is their praise,
 His love and His atonement
 The ransomed people raise:
 Jesus—the Lord of glory—
 True God and Man they sing;
 Their never-failing portion,
 Their everlasting King.